

Seventh Midwinter Meeting

Held December 2, 1927

BREED FAMILY ASSOCIATION

Mimeographed by
EDWARDS BROTHERS
Ann Arbor, Michigan

BREED FAMILY ASSOCIATION

Lynn, Mass., March 15, 1928

To the Members of the Breed Family Association Greeting: -

The usual Mid-winter meeting at which papers were read, was done away with this year and in its place was substituted a meeting of unique and unusual charm.

Our gracious President and wife opened their house and the story of the Breed family was depicted in pageant. The house built in the colonial style added to the production of the historical episodes. I shall try to describe to you the "stage setting" as it were and in this way place a back ground for that which follows.

The invitation issued was enough to inspire everyone of us to be present.

"Ye brother and ye sister Breed
Do send thee now a greeting
And bid thee come December two
To their home for a meeting.

They fain would have ye merrie make
With friends of yester-year
With Allan and his valiant clan
And all the Breeds hold dear.

The hour is set for eight o'clock
The place - just read below
And prithee send a card to tell
Will ye be there or no.

The door swings wide to welcome all
And each one pray take heed
We'll make the rafters echo loud -
"LONG LIVE THE NAME OF BREED."

On the evening of December 2nd. the date set for "the gathering of the clans" they did gather to the number of one hundred

even tho the weather was not at all favorable. Upon our approach to the house we noticed a sign hung above the front door which said "Allan's Clan" (this was illuminated) and at the door was Master John Breed dressed in the costume of a Puritan boy and we were greeted with these words "Welcome, welcome, Sister (or Brother as the case might be) and as we stepped into the main hall our Host and Hostess were there to receive their guests. Both were dressed in costumes of the Revolutionary period.

The atmosphere of the early days was carried out in the furniture, pewter, old damask and china used in the dining room where a luncheon was served such as you would have been served at a function of a hundred years ago.

After the guests had gathered Host Breed welcomed all, setting forth the object o. the Association and reading an original poem entitled "If Allan were here".

Most cordially yours,

Frances B. Morse

Secretary

If Allen Were Here

Listen, Grandchilder, - to you shall be read
The long-ago story of Old Allen Bread.
How I sailed from England in '29,
And ventured forth on the stormy brine-
'Spite my two boys' fears and the goodwife's dread.

I was humble by birth, but hardy and strong
And liked not Old England's fogs and rain,
So I bade my kinsfolk to come along
And venture forth in the Puritans' train.

Thus our homeland we quitted, and took to the sea,
And prayed the far opposite shore might be
A haven of peace for our brood in arms,
Removed from life's worries and war's alarms.

The passage proved fair two months or more,
Till we neared New England's rockbound shore,
When a tempest rose, and the good ship tossed
So that even the Master held all was lost-
Till I took command, and with hammer and bar
Set each mast and tautened each spar
And manned the pumps and seamed with tar,-
And thereby gained me full renown
Ere we had sighted Salemtown.

We tarried there but a little space
For Governor Endicott gave me grace
To go if I would and settle down
In Ingalls' and Dixey's neighboring town
There to transplant my stalwart race.

So our meagre household goods were packed
And a redskin path thru the woods was tracked
Five full miles West to Saugust - now Lynn
And down near the river we strove to win
A home - and your home became a fact.

Now tonight if ye'll give a bit of heed
I'll show ye my pride in the yeast I did knead
How the growth of my clan has helped build our Nation
And is carrying on in the tenth generation
The grand old name of Breed.

EPISODE I.

Following the reading of this poem, while the electric lights were turned off and the candles lighted, a chorus of mixed voices sang "Long, Long Ago". As the last strains of the music died away a figure of a middle aged man (Allen Sr.) entered (part taken by Dr. Lewis Sherman Breed): advancing within the circle of candle light seated himself. He was clad in the dull brown costume of early colonial days. He took his long stemmed pipe filled it with tobacco and with a wax taper lighted from the candle proceeded to light his pipe. He sat quietly smoking and thinking, when another man somewhat younger (Allen Jr.) joined him (part taken by John Hancock Gillis); he also lighted his pipe and sat down. Then the following conversation took place.

Dialogue between Allen 1 and Allen 2. -- Time, 1660

Son.....Well, it's good to get in where it is warm. It's going to be a cold night, with the wind drifting the snow.

Father..Have the cows been bedded down?

Son.....Yes, sir, and the goats, sheep and hens are protected against the cold and snow. The folks are all away tonight, father; this would be a good time to tell some of your stories of the long ago. I was but four years old and you twenty-nine when you emigrated in 1630. How did you come to leave the old country?

Father..I wanted, and so did those who came with me, more freedom to express our religious and political views. We, a company of three or four hundred souls sailed from Southampton in April, 1630, under Gov. Winthrop. Among the number were many persons of dignity, wealth and reputation. We landed in Salem the following June after a rough voyage.

Son.....Why did you not remain in Salem or at least follow Gov. Winthrop?

Father..Perhaps I had enough of the pioneer spirit in my nature to make this undertaking attractive.

Son.....It must have been difficult to find sufficient food at first.

Father..We brought certain staples with us. As soon as we had felled the trees and cleared the land, we planted corn, wheat, barley, potatoes and pumpkins. Five families had already settled in Lynn, two of the name of Ingalls, two of the name of Wood and one family of the name of Dixey. They were about two miles distant from our settlement.

Son.....What sort of a dwelling did we first live in, father?

Father..We dug a square pit six or seven feet deep and lined it with logs. The roof was made of poles covered with bark, with openings for light and escape of smoke.

Son.....Were there many Indians in those days?

Father..No, not many around here and those disposed to be friendly. We often caught sight of their faces pressed against the window more from a spirit of curiosity than mischief. It is a well known fact that curiosity will cause them to do many strange things. Sagamore James, Sagamore of Lynn, was well liked and a ruler of note. You've heard me tell about Farmer Dexter who bought Nahant from Poquannum, or Black Will, more commonly called, for a suit of clothes and a jewsharp. It is not uncommon for the Indians to sell a piece of property twice. Well, the Town of Nahant disputed Dexter's claim to his title and the case was decided against him. In the meantime, the suit of clothes was worn out and the jewsharp was probably decorating some Indian squaw, who recognized its value as an ornament. Farmer Dexter made another investment, this time at the north of the Iron Works. He bought this tract of land also of an Indian for an iron kettle, a pewter spoon, four pumpkin seeds and a jewsharp.

Son.....Were there many wild animals around to bother you in those days?

Father..Yes, and they were feared. Fences were built to protect the farm animals from the wolves. Wolves, you know, can't climb. Pits were dug in the woods to catch them and many were brought low in this way.

Son.....Why did you with others attempt another settlement after having lived here for ten years?

Father..We found ourselves in straightened circumstances and thought the prospects might be better under new conditions. We journeyed to the western part of the long island and settled there. We had difficulties with the Dutch, who claimed the land upon which we had settled and for which we had paid. This caused us to move about 80 miles to the eastward where we planted a town and named it Southampton, in memory of the port from which we had sailed in England.

Son.....I well remember those years at Southampton. I had many good friends there and hated to leave. Just why did we leave Southamp'on, father?

Father...Well, our Pastor, Mr. Pierson, had left Southampton. I was much attached to him and the place seemed different with him gone, so naturally our thoughts reverted to the old homestead in Lynn; so we packed up the chest and returned after 6 years absence.

Son.....Did you bring that chest with you from England, father?

Father...No, I made it on this side. They have no wood over there such as that chest is made of.

Son.....You always were proud of that chest, father.

Father...Yes, I've had many compliments on that piece of work. No one in examining it has as yet discovered the secret compartment in it.

Son.....Secret compartment?

Father...Yes, there is a secret compartment in that chest where I keep my papers of value. When I am gone, I want you to have that chest, you being the oldest son. You will have no trouble finding the secret compartment, now that you know it is there.

Son.....I shall prize the chest, father, and will in turn give it to my oldest son that it may go down in the family as an heirloom...We were all really glad to get back to Lynn and to the old church and the Rev. Samuel Whiting...You must have owned this property before you originally left Lynn, father. Just when did you get title to it?

Father...In 1638, the settlers, in the division of land, were granted land which they had developed as a part of their apportionment. I was accorded 200 acres of town land on which this house stands.

Son.....Well, father, I prophecy that this country of America will prove a great nation some day and that countless sons and daughters of the name of Breed in future generations will be proud of their ancestor. Well, good night, sir, I will take a look at the stock before I turn in.

Father...Good night, Allen, and be sure and bank the fire before you go to bed.

EPISODE II

While singing a lullaby to a small baby which she was carrying Mercy Palmer Breed (Miss Avis Newhall) came into the room and put the baby into an old wooden cradle; then seated herself and while rocking the cradle finished the lullaby. Mercy was dressed in black silk with her hair caught up with a big comb. John Breed of Stonington, her husband (Charles B. Newhall), entered, dressed in brown Colonial costume.

Dialogue between John Breed and His Wife Mercy Palmer

Scene: Home of John Breed, Stonington, Conn.
Time: December 2, 1745.

Mercy..Dear John, I never tire hearing about your days as a youth in Lynn in the far-off Massachusetts Bay Colony. Pray tell me again about them.

John...And I, dear Mercy, never tire telling about those delightful days. Alas, how many years have passed since then! At times it all seems so much like a dream that I can hardly bring myself to believe that it really happened. Yet, at other times, it all comes to me so clearly that it seems like yesterday.

I can close my eyes right now and see the house my father built close by the marshes in the western part of the town. It was rather a small sort of a dwelling compared with this one of ours here where we are living now. It was only a story and a half in front and less than that in back. But it seemed like a palace to us children in those days.

What a wonderful family we had! What 'scraps' I used to have with my three brothers, Timothy, Joseph and Allen! They were all older and larger than I and as a result they used to get the better of me. So naturally I had to take it out on my younger brother, Samuel. But poor Samuel, being the youngest of the family, had to suffer in silence. I'll wager that the times were many when he wished that my sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, who are also younger than I, were boys like us, because then he would not have had to bear the brunt of my revengeful spirit alone.

Yet you must not get the idea that we children were fighting all of the time. I can see all of us children now, gathered around grandfather's fire-place, sitting with our eyes and mouths wide open and as quiet as mice so as not to miss a single word of the stories grandfather was telling. And what tales he had to tell! He it was, you remember, who back in the year 1630 took that unbelievable sea voyage across the entire breadth of the Atlantic Ocean, bringing my father, who was then only four years old.

However, we children did not have all fun and play by any means. As soon as I was old enough to be of any use at all a certain number of tasks were assigned to me to perform and as I grew older the number of jobs increased. There were all sorts of chores to be done. The cows had to be milked. The barns had to be kept clean. There were fields to be cleared of stumps and stones. There was hoeing and weeding. There was mowing and harvesting. Ah yes, we managed to keep busy - except of course on Sundays when without fail the whole family would go to the Meeting House to hear our venerable minister, Samuel Whiting. Even winter did not bring us children any rest, because then for three months we had to go to school where you can be sure the same Reverent Samuel Whiting saw that we had no idle time on our hands.

Perhaps the happiest part of my childhood was until I was nine years old. Up to that time Mother was alive. How fond she was of us and how fond we were of her! When she died we little children were heartbroken, and so too was Father. Poor Father! He never fully recovered from his grief. He was loyal to Mother to his last breath and never married again.

Things looked dreary indeed for us little ones when Mother died. We needed a mother's care. Of course, there was grandmother Breed. But she was not our true grandmother, and however kind she might be it was not quite the same as though she was a blood relation. And then there was Aunt Elizabeth, Father's sister, but she had a family of her own. We children almost gave up hope. Then all of a sudden the clouds gave way to sunshine - Aunt Rebecca, Mother's sister, came to take care of us. With what a sweet, patient nature she was blessed! We little ones grew to love her dearly, but of course we never could forget Mother.

Mercy...I understand, dear John. But what I never could understand is what induced you to break away from so many ties which were dear to you and set out alone into the wilderness for distant places.

John...Indeed, Mercy, as we look back upon it now, it does seem strange. Yet at the time I thought it was the most natural thing in the world. The stories that grandfather used to tell about setting out into an unknown country had stirred my imagination. Then too the life of a farmer grew to be monotonous and extremely distasteful to me. I saw all my brothers except young Samuel marry and settle down to the life of farming. I saw exactly what was ahead of me if I stayed. There was too much sameness to such a life. I could not do it. I wanted change. I wanted variety. The thought of what might be on the other side of the forest in far-off New Haven Colony thrilled me. I used to talk to

grandfather about going, and his eyes used to sparkle with his old love of adventure. Then at last I summoned courage enough to tell Father. Much to my surprise Father put his hand on my shoulder and said: 'My boy, do what you think best. Whatever you decide to do, you have my blessing.' I told him then that the chief obstacle to my going was lack of worldly goods, and lo and behold he offered then and there to give me the portion which he had intended to leave me in his will. There was then nothing to hold me back except my family ties. But, strong as they were, my urge to go was stronger still and the family ties had to give way.

Mercy..How glad I am now that you reached the decision you did! Just think, otherwise we would never have met! But, John, are the thrilling stories of your journey from Lynn, which you have told so many times really the absolute truth?

John...Yes, Mercy, they are. But I do not blame you for doubting them. It is even impossible for me to believe that any other person ever had quite the same experience.

As I was travelling late one afternoon alone on horseback, through a forest which was even denser than any through which I had passed up to that time, an arrow suddenly whizzed by my head, followed by another and another. In an instant I was completely surrounded by a crowd of yelling and gesticulating Indians. From their actions it was only too clear that something had enraged them and that their killing instinct had been aroused. I resigned myself to my fate and waited for one of them to strike the fatal blow. But to my great surprise the fatal blow did not come. I could not imagine what the reason for the delay could be. And my perplexity increased still more when I saw some of the Indians making motions as though they wanted me to run. Any opportunity to escape looked good to me so I took to my heels as fast as I could. But before I had gone fifty yards a series of blood-curdling war-whoops startled me. I turned my head to look back and caught a glimpse of a mob of Indians rushing me. Then I saw what their ingenious plan was. It was not exciting enough for them to kill a helpless man with one blow. Their cunning minds had evolved a way both to torture their victim and to furnish sport for themselves. I was to race for my life!

Never, I believe, either before or since have I run so fast, impeded though I was by the forest. My lungs felt as though they would burst; my legs felt as though they were dead. Yet there was nothing to do but to keep on. The Indians rushing after me must have been tired from travelling many miles that day, for much to my astonishment I felt myself slowly but surely drawing away from them. Once more I turned my head to look back and I was dumbfounded to find that none of the Indians were in sight behind me in the forest.

Then, as I looked forward again, there suddenly loomed up ahead of me a broad foaming stream. My heart sank. My sole avenue to escape appeared to be blocked. All my efforts seemed to have been in vain. Then, a short distance off to my right in the stream, I spied a large beaver-house. Spurred by sudden inspiration, into the stream I dove, clothes and all. As soon as I came to the surface, I took just as deep a breath as I could and plunged once more underneath. This time I stayed under water and swam in the general direction of the beaver-house. It seemed eternity before I reached my destination, but finally I was there. Fortunately for me there was a hole in the base of the beaver-house below the level of the water which was just large enough for me to squeeze my body through, and soon I was sitting inside, high and dry, above the stream.

Thus it was that I managed to escape from the Indians. That evening, when from the surrounding silence it seemed that the Indians had abandoned their hunt near the stream, and after it had become very dark, I ventured forth from my hiding place to swim to the opposite shore. That I ever reached civilization again was more due to the continuance of my good fortune than to anything else. It so happened that the next day, as I was wandering about, not knowing where I was or where I was going, I came upon some travellers making their way through the forest.

Mercy..I am sorry, John, but even now I am forced to say that your story still requires me to stretch my imagination.

John...Alas, Mercy, I believe the saying is right, that a prophet is without honor in his own home. But even you must admit that often truth is indeed strange. Who would have said, back in the days when I was farming in Lynn, that sometime I would be a prosperous tanner in Stonington? Who would have said back in those days when I was an apparently confirmed bachelor of 36, that sometime I would have a wonderful family of eleven children? And who could have foretold when I arrived in this colony that only a few days hence you and I were to fall in love at first sight and that in less than a year from the time we first met we were to be married?

Mercy..And who can foretell what will happen in the future! Our little grand-son Amos, here in the cradle - what experiences do you think he will have during his life! Perhaps these thirteen colonies will decide to become a nation independent of England and he may be one of the volunteers who will help gain that freedom. Perhaps ammunition may be stored in this very house and it may be that his father, (our son John) will be called upon to protect it by firing upon the enemy through port-holes in this very roof. Perhaps in this child's son there may appear the pioneer instinct of your grandfather Allen and he may go west in the pursuit of prosperity and happiness. Perhaps he may even have to thrash through the wilderness in the same manner that you did. Dear John, wouldn't it be wonderful to return some hundred years hence and see throughout the west your wonderful name, and the wonderful name of Allen Breed!

EPISODE III

In the part of cordwainer, Mr. Bayrd appeared as an old time shoemaker of about 1740 just as he had emerged from his day's work.

He told of the erection of a new shoeshop where a crew of four shoemakers worked and described graphically the interior of such a shop as was located in the orchard of his late uncle, Amos Allen Breed, at 480 Summer Street, Lynn, in which shop he spent many days during his childhood watching the shoemakers and listening to their conversation. This was the third shop where journeymen were employed and is similar to the one preserved on the grounds of the Lynn Historical Society.

Purporting to come from his day's work, Mr. Bayrd related the discussion that had taken place in the shop, of George Whitefield's preaching on Lynn Common and told how the doors of the village church were closed against that great preacher.

Rev. Nathaniel HENCHMAN refused to let Whitefield speak in his church but Benjamin NEWHALL came to his rescue and took off the doors of his barn and put them on barrels stood on end. From this platform Whitefield addressed vast throngs on the Common. All the rest of his life HENCHMAN spent trying to defend his treatment of Whitefield, under whose preaching many of the cordwainers were soundly converted.

He also told of the extremely cold winter at that time when people drove to church across Boston Harbor from Thompson's Island to Dorchester for fifteen Sundays.

The following summer there was a severe drought and thousands of cattle died, 3000 sheep perishing in Nantucket. The grass withered and hay had to be imported from England.

About this time a company of Lynn men went to New Hampshire to found the town of Amherst.

In those days there was a shipyard near Liberty Square and one year two brigs and sixteen schooners were built. When they were on the ways their holds would be filled with water to see if they were tight.

He referred to the building of schooners on the Lynn shore and the establishing of a line of packets from Lynn to Boston.

One of the world's tragedies talked of in the shop was the Lisbon earthquake, the effects of which were felt in Lynn in the early morning. The gables of some brick houses and several chimneys were shaken down, but nobody was hurt.

In those days there was much game about. Every year several deer were killed and one year the pelts of 428 foxes were secured and now and then a catamount was shot.

He related the story of the epidemic of grasshoppers in Nahant about that time, when they had to be swept into the sea.

Mr. Bayrd referred to the impetus that the making of ladies' shoes obtained, due to the coming of a Welshman, John Adam Dagyr. Before his coming to teach the local shoemakers they used to get good shoes from England and take them apart to see how they were made.

Soon after Dagyr's teachings there were about 18,000 pairs of shoes a year made in Lynn.

About this time people began the use of middle names.

About this time an immense seventy-five foot whale went ashore on King's Beach and so great was his mouth that Doctor Burchsted went into it sitting on a chair drawn by a horse.

He spoke of the pressing into service for the government of England of Lynn shoemakers to fight against the French and Indians and told the story of powder being stored beneath the Pulpit of the local church.

He traced the growing unrest among the shoemakers of Lynn, both as to the relation of the colonies to England and in regard to religious matters and traced the growing spirit of tolerance among the people.

EPISODE IV

After all had joined in singing "Yankee Doodle", Josiah Breed (the part taken by Professor Charles Blaney Breed), who fought at the Battle of Breed's Hill, Charlestown, entered. He was dressed in the costume of the time - dark pants, brown leggings and white shirt (opened at the neck) and carried a musket which had been used at the Battle of Lexington. This musket was loaned by Mr. Ezra Forristall Breed of Lexington, Mass., who is Captain of the Lexington Minute Men's Association. You may imagine Josiah Breed narrating the Battle of Breed's Hill to his family and friends upon his return to Lynn a month after the fight.

The Battle of Breed's Hill

We were getting rather weary of our camp life on Cambridge Common by Friday, the 16th of June. It was indeed a belief that something ominous seemed to pervade the air on that day. There was whispering here and there; the officers held many conferences. It was not a real surprise, therefore, when we were ordered late in the afternoon to form for an extended march, and Dr. Langdon, the President of Harvard College, addressed us.

At the close of his remarks, and with his benediction, we were started on the march toward Charlestown; a rather large army extending nearly half a mile along the road. Everyone wore his ordinary clothes, even the officers had no uniforms; there were no regimental colors. Each of us had our musket and ammunition; all of different calibre and make. A limited supply of powder which had been stored inland and one day's rations were brought along with the troops, as well as several cart loads of shovels, picks and grubs.

By nine o'clock we had crossed the narrow causeway that connects Charlestown with the mainland. And there, on the northerly slope of Breed's Hill and Bunker Hill, we waited hour after hour, every man restless to do something or at least to sleep. It was a warm pleasant night; the ground was quite dry. During this long wait we visited among the different companies. There I met Frederick Breed; he was assigned another company. In fact, there was much intermingling of companies and considerable confusion as to who was really in command.

It seems that the Committee of Safety, which controlled the actions of the Colonial Troops, had learned that the British intended to place guns on Charlestown Heights so as to command the causeway leading into Charlestown. They had therefore ordered the Colonial Troops to advance to Charlestown and to fortify Bunker Hill. But when Colonel Prescott and his staff reached the hill Major Gridley, the engineer officer, strongly objected to fortifying

Bunker Hill and demanded that the redoubt be raised on Breed's Hill, which lay between Bunker Hill and Boston, where the British were still encamped. It was not until midnight that the officers were in agreement; then orders were quickly given to entrench on Breed's Hill. The troops worked all through the night at this job and when the sun rose on Saturday morning it shone on the redoubt on the hilltop. This breastwork was about 3 feet high, made by digging a trench 3 feet deep, so that when a man stood up he could just see over the top. It enclosed an area roughly square in shape and about 150 feet on a side.

The redoubt and a short stretch of breastworks on Breed's Hill formed the right of our line, which extended from there northward for a few hundred feet until it reached a fence and then followed this fence eastward to the shore of the Mystic River. Hay was piled along this fence to cover the view of our boys. The hay caught fire during the engagement and burned away, exposing the troops to the view of the British. Colonel Putnam commanded the troops from Connecticut; they occupied the line to the left of the redoubt, and Colonel Stark with the two New Hampshire regiments held the left of the line near the river. You remember that just after "Lexington" Massachusetts called for 30,000 men and Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Hampshire had sent regiments, but these provincial militia were still under the command of their local officers. Each command was sort of a little army by itself. Colonel Prescott occupied the redoubt with Massachusetts troops.

With daylight came the first intimation to the British that we occupied Charlestown Heights. During the previous night Prescott had repeatedly received messages from the shore that all was serene aboard the "Falcon", the "Lively" and the "Somerset", the three British gunboats which lay in the harbor between Boston and Charlestown. On that Friday evening there was not a British soldier in Charlestown.

Early Saturday morning a bombardment began from the gunboats and from the batteries on Copp's Hill, Boston, where many of the British troops were stationed. But their aim was poor; they did some havoc, however, and made a lot of noise.

Between us and the shore lay the gentle slope of Ebenezer Breed's farm crossed by a dozen walls or fences. A little more than half way down this slope Bunker Hill Road circled around the hill and swung up toward Bunker Hill, which lay to our left and rear. Between that road and the harbor, right where the Mystic River joins the harbor, is Moulton's Point, which rises to a height of 30 feet, about half as high as Breed's Hill. Not over a half dozen houses and barns lay between our entire line and the British. There is a brick kiln in the hollow between Moulton's Point and the foot of Breed's pasture, and sort of a flat marshy area and shallow pond near the kiln.

The British began to come across the narrow arm of the harbor right in front of us and landed on the flat Charlestown shore not over 1600 feet away. Copp's Hill was less than a mile away. The "Somerset" lay near the Charlestown shore, diagonally to our right; we could see her over the housetops of Charlestown. The whole town, you will recall, lay along Main Street, running from the causeway in a southerly direction, all along our right wing.

All the morning the British troops were rowed across from the Boston shore and from the gunboats. They had their noon meal on the Charlestown shore. Of course we were then far beyond the range of their muskets, but their batteries could reach us.

I've been told that the British used 2500 men in the battle. We had about 1500 actively in the fight along our line, but others were arriving all through the day. So in all there were about 4000 in the conflict; and that's a pretty big fight when you realize that last year the entire population of Boston was only 17,000 souls.

That Saturday was a very, hot sunny day; the ground was dry and dusty. Every man who had worked through the night was kept on duty also all day Saturday. They were tired, hungry and thirsty; there was no water available. It was about three o'clock when the British formed to attack our line, the grenadiers on their left, under General Pigot, and the marines on their right, under General Howe, who marched up the hill in front of his troops.

It took only ten to fifteen minutes for the British to get close enough so that our fire would be effective, - 8 to 10 rods away. They foolishly fired too soon and wasted their ammunition. The British remained within close range only time enough for us to reload and fire two or three rounds, about five to ten minutes in all. Their muskets were better than ours and all of the same calibre, but we had plenty of good marksmen. Some of our men did none of the firing, but merely loaded and passed muskets along to better marksmen. Of course you've already heard how the British turned away and retreated to the shore.

In half an hour they had reformed and came up the hill again, over the many stone walls and fences. We could see every man distinctly, for there were practically no trees or bushes on the hill. After two or three volleys from the Colonial muskets, again they turned back. About this time a few buildings in the town were ablaze, probably from the fire of the batteries.

When the retreat reached the shore we noticed more boats coming across from Boston with reinforcements under General Clinton and it was a longer period between the second and third than between the first and second attacks.

The third attack started at about four-thirty. Their field battery near Moulton's Point moved up near the brick kiln and brought its fire to bear on our line just to the left of the redoubt. The

troops came in column formation this time, whereas the previous attacks had been made with company or platoon front formation. By five o'clock it was all over.

The force of the third attack was directed on the redoubt, where Prescott was commanding and where I was stationed. General Clinton lead this attack. The British muskets were equipped with bayonets this time and almost no firing was done by them; there wasn't a dozen Colonial rifles with bayonets. Our ammunition was gone after two rounds were fired. We retreated reasonably orderly accompanied by considerable hand to hand fighting, the Colonials fighting with the butts of their guns. A British soldier fired point blank at General Warren and he fell, as he was retreating from the redoubt. He was President of the Provisional Congress, which met at Watertown on Friday, and in the evening after the meeting of that assembly he joined Colonel Prescott at Charlestown, but did not take over the command though he outranked Prescott.

The Connecticut and New Hampshire troops held their line against General Howe, but they also had to fall back when the redoubt fell. Some of them occupied Bunker Hill and others ran for the causeway. By midnight all Colonial troops had left Charlestown.

We straggled back to Cambridge Common and have been encamped there most of the time, although occasionally we have been sent to Prospect Hill in Somerville or to Dorchester Heights, to relieve the troops at those places.

All through that Saturday night the heavens were lighted by the flames from Charlestown. By Sunday most of the town was in ashes.

Later I learned that 226 British were killed and 828 wounded. Of the Colonials 140 were killed, 271 wounded and 30 captured.

While our troops resembled more an assemblage of tumultuous individuals than an army, yet they fought like men, for they possessed a determined spirit and a profound persuasion of the justice of our cause. Great Britain has been disdainful of the power of this untrained army. She has had a sore feeling ever since Lexington. She may well ponder on the force of Colonial troops like those at Breed's Hill after they have been properly trained and fully equipped, for had there been sufficient powder the terrible toll would have been even greater and the Colonial troops would today be on Breed's Hill.

EPISODE V

In this episode we find Hannah and Rebecca Bassett, daughters of Joseph Bassett, who have just returned from Quarterly Meeting at North Weare, N.H. They are seated in the living room of the Bassett home awaiting Sarah, the sister and third daughter.

The three young women are dressed in the grey Quaker costume with white kerchiefs and caps.

The part of Hannah is taken by her great great granddaughter, Mrs. Helen Breed Thomson; Rebecca by her great great granddaughter, Mrs. Editha Beardsell Breed; Sarah by her great great great granddaughter, Miss Mabel Lavinia Berry.

Three Bassett Girls Marry Three Breed Boys

James Breed, born 1749, died 1810, married Rebecca Bassett,
1773.
Abraham Breed, born 1752, died 1831, married Sarah Bassett,
1783.
William Breed, born 1759, died 1819, married Hannah Bassett,
1784.

Characters: Rebecca, Sarah and Hannah Bassett.
Time: August, 1782.
Scene: Living room in the Bassett home on Nahant Street.
Hannah and Rebecca knitting.

Hannah.....Rebecca, where can Sarah be? We've been home from North Weare for half an hour. (Sarah enters hastily).

Sarah.....Oh, my dear Sisters, I am so overjoyed to see thee at home again. I want to hear everything about thy trip to North Weare and the Quarterly Meeting. But just let me get my breath. I (shyly) have just been through a marvelous adventure.

Both Sisters..Oh, Sarah dear, do tell us what it was.

Rebecca.....Thee isn't injured is thee, darling? I never saw thee look so pale before.

Sarah.....No, Rebecca, it was like this. I was so anxious to see the first glimpse of thee coming down Market Street hill that I started down Front Street, and as I had plenty of time I walked around about Uncle John Bassett's farm, and -- and I saw a ferocious bull come charging

right toward me, and I was so overcome with fright that I could not move one muscle and I think I should have dropped right in his path if I had not heard a man calling to me over the stone wall.

Hannah.....Oh, Sarah, how romantic! Do tell us he was a princely young soldier on an iron-grey charger.

Sarah.....No, Hannah, no romantic stranger, but our good old friend, Abraham Breed.

Hannah.....Oh, is that all? I hoped to hear of a thrilling rescue.

Sarah.....Indeed, it was thrilling, Hannah. Seeing me in such peril he said he must tell me how much he had loved me for years, but he had never dared to tell me because he had been at great expense to educate his brother, Ebenezer, who has such a wonderful intellect thee knows, and he said he was so much older than I, and that we are such a prominent family, that he would not have dared to speak but he was so frightened that he forgot himself.

Rebecca.....Thee does not realize how strange a tale thee is telling. For the last ten years I have been Mistress James Breed, now thee will be Mistress Abraham Breed, and now just listen to Hannah's story.

Hannah.....My story is not so romantic as dear Sarah's only for the thrill which always comes when the man thee loves confesses his love for thee. Brother James drove off in the carriage with Sister Rebecca, little Eunice and me, and William drove his father and mother. Well, on the second day he said it might be a pleasant change for his father and mother to drive with James and for him to drive little Eunice and me.

Rebecca.....The idea wasn't wholly William's. I have often seen the sheep's eyes which he has cast on thee, Hannah, and my! wasn't I glad to get rid of little Eunice, she had been pestering me all day to invite that handsome boy Joseph Fuller to ride with us.

Hannah.....Well, what thee planned for so cleverly happened. Oh, I am so happy and now we shall all be Mistresses Breed; the three Bassett girls will marry three Breed boys.

Sarah.....And Sisters, let's all of us live right together in Black Marsh near sister Rebecca. I have always felt so lonely way up here on Nahant Street.

Hannah.....I'm so sorry, but that cannot be, Sarah. William is going to run the farm in Nahant and I shall be the only white woman there among the Indians. But I am coming over to meeting every First Day and thee must both come and make me long visits.

Rebecca....We will come, dear Sister, and let us all resolve that the three Bassett girls who marry the three Breed boys will bring up our children in the fear of God, that Lynn may be richer for our descendants and the descendants of their honored ancestor, Allen Bread.

EPISODE VI

The sixth episode portrayed one of the outstanding Breeds of all generations, Ebenezer Breed, the Father of Lynn Shoe Tariff and one of the greatest men of his time.

Ebenezer Breed, a young man with a great vision, saw the possibilities in shoe making for the colonists. He spent some time in Europe investigating shoe making and returned to America to sponsor the Tariff for the United States.

• He was much at the capitol at Philadelphia and while there, met and fell in love with Dolly Payne, who afterwards became Dolly Madison.

The part of Ebenezer Breed was taken by J. Mortimor Collins, a great, great, great grandnephew and the part of Dolly Payne was taken by Miss Dorothea Breed, the great granddaughter of Isaiah Breed.

Mr. Collins gave the following extract from a speech given by Ebenezer Breed at a dinner party for the members of Congress at the home of Stephen Collins which stood on Market Street near Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

"Will you stand tamely by and see this infant industry swallowed up by the raging lions of Gaul and Britain? Will you see the homes of these operators destroyed or abandoned and not hold out your strong arms to shield them as they shielded you when war bent his horrid front over our fair land? No, I trust, and New England expects that by your suffrages we shall obtain the desired relief when the matter comes before your honorable body."

After this speech Ebenezer Breed (Mr. Collins) and Dolly Payne (Dorothea Breed) danced the Minuet.

THE MINUET .

They danced the stately minuet
The youth and maiden fair
And Time took a step backward
And held us waiting there.

He wore a Colonial suit of old
Like the dandy of that time
All decked out with lace of gold
And buckles made to shine.

She wore a dress of white brocade
With roses bright and gay
The tapering waist and flowing sleeve
So graceful in their day.

And the Breeds of other years
Seemed to smile upon the pair
As back and forth and in and out
They danced with dainty air.

EPISODE VII

In this episode the part of Mrs. Isaiah Breed was taken by Miss Irma Twisden, the great great granddaughter of Samuel Oliver Breed. Miss Twisden wore a gray silk dress with tight waist and draped skirt which was in vogue about 1840, and on her head a white muslin cap which she replaced with a small bonnet when she left "to watch the train".

I received thru the mail today a little book telling about the first meeting of the Breed family in Jamestown, N.Y. last September. I would have liked to have gone, but it looked like a rather long journey for a widowed woman to take alone. But if Isaiah, my husband, were here, I'm certain we should have gone. He was just the sort of man to be interested in a group of people gathered together to talk of old times especially if they happened to be Breeds all. And that report of the first convention of the Breed family of the U. S. interested me for another thing -- there is practically no mention of the Lynn Breeds beyond a calculation that there are 243 males living here in the year 1866 and also a mention of a visit made here a few years ago by Mr. Dwight of New Haven with James Breed "to see," as he says, "how our friends looked and acted." I guess he wasn't so badly disillusioned, for he says, "I was much pleased with them." But this little book tells only about Breeds in Connecticut, in the Middle West and North Carolina, but the Breeds here in the city in which Allen Breed settled are just referred to. Isaiah would resent that, I know, and I also know he would do something to change that state of affairs.

I mind how he settled the matter of the depot. About 1810 after Ebenezer Breed secured a tariff on shoes, West Lynn became one of the busiest markets in the Commonwealth. A little later my husband and his brother Nathan bought a piece of land down in this part of the town on what they now call Union Street but was then Estes Lane, and this land known as Black Marsh Fields extended back to Liberty Street. Then a few years later Isaiah and Nathan with James Pratt started a store out here on Broad Street with Will Ingalls in charge of it. Let me see, that was called the Union Store, if I remember. When they talked of putting the railroad thru to Salem from Boston the business men down on Summer Street wanted the depot to be down there, but Nathan and Isaiah felt that Lynn was going to build up here near our home on Exchange Street and Isaiah picked out the spot this side of Silsbee Street as the best place for the Station. I remember how son Bartlett didn't like the idea very well because his home was then at the corner of Union and Exchange Street and he said he couldn't stand the noise of the trains so near, one in the morning, one in the afternoon and one at night. I always sort of sympathized with Bartlett, because it must be pretty bad. I know, altho I never said much, that I was glad

that our house was as far away as the corner of Exchange and Broad of course everybody thought Isaiah was crazy to think of such an idea. I mind how Joseph Breed said one old croaker came into his store and prophesied that "in the winter the train can never get thru them cuts" - meaning where Silsbee, Green and Chestnut Streets cross the tracks. The railroad company were not sure about the idea either and they said they must have a guarantee that there would be passengers each day. But Isaiah was so sure that Lynn was going to build up here near home that he guaranteed three passengers each day. I remember wondering about that matter, but after all, it's a woman's place to mind her own business at home and let a man do as he feels wisest. But Isaiah was right, just as he was right about the need for the free high school and about building the Central Congregational Church in this section of the town. The train came thru and stopped for passengers right over here on Silsbee Street. I went up to the attic and looked out the back windows and watched the smoke coming up thru the trees. It certainly was rather a clattery affair and I couldn't but think of son Bartlett. And that awful bell that warned of the train 15 minutes beforehand. We could hear that even over here. That first train was so full that there was no room for a Lynner to get aboard. The Salemites felt jealous of Lynn anyway and they jammed it full at Salem. The fare to Boston was 37 1/2 cents. Well the train stop was certainly a good thing for this section of Lynn. More and more business is starting up right around here. I know I am beginning to wish we lived over on Newhall Street where it is quieter.

There's that bell. The afternoon train is coming. I think I'll put on my bonnet and walk out to see who is going to Boston this afternoon. Somehow it always reminds me of Isaiah.

EPISODE VIII

And now we come to our time, there is no need to describe this, you may imagine Miss Catharine Hacker Mayo, great great granddaughter of Nathan Breed, a typical girl of the day, charming, vivacious, and capable. Sweet in an evening costume of the period.

The Flapper.

And last of all they come to me-
 My modern name is Flapper.
 I don't know why they call me that,
 Unless, because I'm dapper.

My great-grandma wore skirts so long
 They draggled in the mire,
 But mine are short - that I may work
 Or play - and never tire.

Her waist was small - her clothes so tight
 It took an awful squeeze
 To get them on - and then to act
 As if she felt at ease.

My waist it measures!! Well, who cares?
 My clothes are loose and plain.
 That's how I golf or jazz or walk
 For hours, with ne'er a pain.

And oh! - what blushes filled her cheeks
 At mention of her beaux!
 Coy was her smile - her manners shy,
 Her poise quite "comme il faut".

Today we moderns meet the world
 With calm and fearless glance,
 We're not afraid to speak right out,
 We ask to have a chance.

Perhaps we're bold and far too gay,
 Too shocking with our hose.
 We love the comfort of our clothes,
 And powder on our nose.

But just the same, grandma and I
 Are not so far apart -
 For underneath there beats for both
 A true and tender heart.

Our love - our faith - are just the same,
 Our strength in time of need.
 She had her day, - let us have ours,
 We're just a different "Breed".

IN MEMORIAM

Lucy Jeffers Phelps

Lucy Jeffers Phelps⁹; (Caroline Williams Jeffers⁸; Lois Newhall Williams⁷; Timothy Newhall⁶; Hepzibah Breed Newhall⁵; Allen⁴; Joseph³; Allen²; Allen¹) was born in Dayton, Ohio, Dec. 14, 1854. She was the only daughter of Allen and Caroline Elizabeth Jeffers. Her father, Allen Jeffers, was born in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, in 1821. Her mother, Caroline Elizabeth Williams, was born in Lynn, Massachusetts in 1826. Allen Jeffers was an expert shoemaker and plied his trade in Cincinnati for a while, then went back to New York to meet his bride-to-be, and they were married at the old Astor House, New York, about 1850, travelling via stage-coach and canal-boat, to Dayton, Ohio, where they established their home. There were two children; Henry, who was born July 28, 1852 and died July 25, 1869, and Lucy Ann. In Dayton, on September 22, 1874, she was married to Samuel Foster Phelps and they had three children, two sons, Henry Allen and James Archibald, and one daughter, Eva Corolyn. James Archibald died just five months after his mother, August 18, 1927.

When her son, Allen, was but eight years of age and foreign travel was much more difficult than now, her husband was ordered to take a sea voyage, for his health. He was so ill, that he had to be carried to and from the train and boat. It took a great deal of courage to begin that sort of a journey, but mother was well endowed with that quality as well as with all other womanly ones, so she took full charge of her husband and son, and spent a year abroad. They travelled in England, Switzerland, Germany and Italy, and lived for six months in Mentone, France, on the Riviera, where the sea air was of great benefit in rebuilding father's health.

There are no worth-while attributes which are not applicable to Lucy Jeffers Phelps, for she was a devoted wife and mother, a capable housewife and managed her property efficiently, almost up to the time of her death. If there was trouble or sorrow among her friends or neighbors, she was always sent for and was of great service. Her delight was to do for her children in every possible way. Generous she was and loyal, and while her life was mostly one of service to her loved ones, she has left a memory and an ideal for her children, which cannot but lead them forward. She passed on, March 18, 1927.

Charles Harry Stephenson

Charles Harry Stephenson was born at Hingham, Massachusetts, on February 27, 1863; the son of Charles and Helen Augusta (Dexter) Stephenson.

He was graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in the Class of 1881 and some years later became interested in the manufacturing of Household Specialties.

On February 26, 1896, he married Adaline E. Tapley, daughter of Henry Tapley. They had three children, Preston Tapley Stephenson, Ruth Stephenson Chitterling, and Henry Dexter Stephenson.

Mr. Stephenson passed away at his home in Lynn on March 19, 1927.

Henry Newhall Berry

Henry Newhall Berry was born in Lynn, September 2, 1870, the son of Benjamin and Sarah K. Berry.

He graduated from Harvard College with the Class of 1893 and from the Harvard Law School in 1896.

He early was associated in legal practice with the firm of Nichols & Cobb, and a few years later he was associated with Hutch' s & Wheeler; still later he formed the law firm of Berry & Butman, which developed into the firm of Berry, Butman & Lovejoy. Mr. Berry's legal practice was almost entirely corporation law of a nature which demanded thoroughness and extensive knowledge, but which seldom attracted public notice.

He was a Director of the Lynn Gas & Electric Co.; the Lynn Hospital; Vice-President of the Lynn Five Cents Savings Bank and an officer in several other banks. He was a member of the St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Sons of the American Revolution, Sons of Colonial Wars, and many other educational and social societies.

On October 24, 1900 he was married to Mabel Lavinia Breed, and she with four children survive him. The children are Henry N. Berry, Jr., Mrs. Katherine B. Johnson, Joseph B. and Mabel Lavinia.

He died June 4, 1927.

"His tremendous activity and his helpfulness to others as well as his constant solicitude for his family have greatly inspired those who knew him well."

Sara Evelyn Breed Amoss.

Sara Evelyn Breed Amoss was born at Cornwall, N. Y., the daughter of Henry Belden Breed and Cornelia Pell Conklin Breed.

As a young woman, just graduated from the New York Cooking School, her attention was drawn to the home conditions of the Negroes near Norfolk. When a course in Domestic Science was suggested for these Negroes, Miss Breed was asked to take charge and she served faithfully for eight years.

She married William Lee Amoss of Maryland in 1904, and one daughter, Cornelia Pell Conklin Amoss bless this union. She died July 1, 1927 after a long illness at Benson, Maryland.

Mrs. Amoss was a Friend and the following extract is taken from "Friends Intelligence"; "Quiet and unassuming, she was one of those who help to build steadily and well the foundation of the happier world that we hope is to be. Her interest was always for progress. Though she has gone, her influence will live, her harvest grow richer through the years."

Hattie Celia Newhall

Miss Hattie C. Newhall, the youngest of five children of Charles and Hester C. (Moulton) Newhall, was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, on September 7, 1864 and died in that city on August 15, 1927. She passed all of her life in this place where many of her ancestors, both on her father's and mother's side, had settled from 1630-1640, and lived upon land bought by her great grandfather, Rufus Newhall, from the Bassetts in 1784.

On her paternal side, Miss Newhall was descended from Samuel, Jabez and Ebenezer Breed, three of the sons of Samual Breed, who was the grandson of Allen 1.

Through her mother she was connected with the Moultons and Emersons of New Hampshire. Her great great grandfather, Judge Samuel Emerson, of Plymouth, New Hampshire, married Virtue Spencer, a granddaughter of the Reverend Samuel Whiting, the minister of the First Church in Lynn, Massachusetts, from 1636 to 1679.

Miss Newhall was educated in the Lynn public schools and travelled extensively both in this country and in Europe.

Adaline Breed Bayrd

Adaline Breed Bayrd was born in the Breed homestead, Breed's Square, Lynn, on February 24, 1843, the daughter of Joseph and Eliza Walden Breed. On her Father's side she was of the eighth generation from Allen Breed (Adaline⁸, Joseph⁷, Joseph⁶, Ephraim⁵, Joseph⁴, Joseph³, Allen², Allen¹).

She was educated in Lynn graduating from the Lynn High School in 1857.

On March 22, 1870, she was married to Captain Arthur Bayrd, who was a sailing master and with him she spent much time on the clipper "South America".

Her death occurred on Thursday, August 18, 1927. She leaves one son, Frank A. Bayrd of Malden, Massachusetts.

A devote woman of unusual intelligence, with a great love of Nature, her life has been a constant influence for good among the people who were associated with her.

Mary Breed Coburn

Mary Breed Coburn, 3d child of Leonard Breed and Maria Clark, was born in Pittsfield, Vermont, March 12, 1839. She married Nelson Coburn on March 7, 1864. They had two children, Elmer and Zilpha.

She died October 15, 1927, at her home in Holden, Vermont, a hamlet in the town of Chittenden, several months after her 88th birthday.

She was recognized by the government as the oldest postmistress in the United States. She had served the Holden Post Office for 25 years. During most of this time she had lived alone, doing her housework along with her office duties. She was able to continue this practically to the end of her life, which was a great joy to her as she loved to be independent.

She had fourteen descendants. Her son, Elmer, married but had no children and he himself died in 1917. Her daughter, Zilpha, had five children, two of whom are married and have seven children (her great grandchildren) between them, so she has thirteen living descendants.

Joshua Barker Flint Breed

Joshua Barker Flint Breed, (James Edwin⁷, Aaron⁶, Amos⁵, Jabez⁴, Samuel³, Allen², Allen¹) was born in Louisville, Kentucky on March 8, 1855, the youngest son of James Edwin and Persis (Newhall) Breed.

He was graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1876.

On November 12, 1884 he married Grace Newhall, daughter of Captain George T. Newhall of Lynn. Of this union there were three children; Grace T. and Winthrop N. of Louisville and Francis S. of Lynn.

Mr. Breed passed away in January, 1928.

List of New Members for 1927-28

Mr. Lincoln Ashcroft	Beach Bluff, Mass.
Mrs. Lincoln Ashcroft (Mildred F.)	" " "
Mr. Ezra Forristall Breed	Lexington, Mass.
Mrs. Hester Newhall Brown	Charleston, W. Va.
Mr. William Cline	Bellerose, L. I.
Mrs. William Cline (Esther Ashcroft)	" "
Miss Sarah A. Collins	Lynn, Mass.
Mrs. Grace H. Emilio	Salem, Mass.
Miss Marguerite Emilio	" "
Mrs. Ellen Longstreet Fulmer	Gibbons, Neb.
Mr. Arthur B. Keene	Lynn, Mass.
Mrs. Arthur B. Keene (Mabel W.)	" "
Mrs. Lovicy Breed Lee	Elizabeth, Ill.
Mrs. Harold A. Lever	Crosby, Minn.
Mr. Henry R. Mayo	Lynn, Mass.
Mrs. Henry R. Mayo (Esther Kelley)	" "
Miss Catharine H. Mayo	" "
Miss Avis E. Newhall	" "
Mr. Charles B. Newhall	" "
Mrs. John B. Newhall	" "
Dr. Briggs S. Palmer	" "
Mrs. Briggs S. Palmer (Marianne A.)	" "
Mr. Grant M. Palmer, Jr.	Weston, Mass.
Mr. Allen B. Smith	Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. Nellie Fulmer Thatcher	Amherst, Mass.
Miss Lida Thatcher	" "
Mrs. Frances Newhall Wright	Larchmont, N. Y.